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MONDAY, MAY 10, 1909.

WASHINGTON—A KEYNOTE.

President Taft, in his admirable "talk out in meeting" at the citizens' dinner Saturday night, made the fact unmistakably clear that he had been thinking about District affairs to some purpose. He revealed a remarkably keen and accurate conception of the existing conditions and a disposition to deal judiciously and deliberately with any proposed plan to change our system of government.

Moreover, the President has a vision. He says he is not an imaginative man. Perhaps so. But he can picture the future, and the picture he draws of future Washington is not overdrawn. The perspective is good. He sees the consummation of the plans of Washington and L'Enfant. All of us see that consummation—all who think aright, who appraise things as they really are, and who have the proper vision.

All of us, too, are nationalists, like the President, as regards Washington—all who are alive to the meaning of this beautiful Capital, and are alert to the proper shaping of its future. All of us, too, can be nationalists now, unreservedly, since the President has assured us that there is no thought of taking out of local hands purely local matters.

Of all the fine things the President said in that fine, blunt speech of his—a speech marked by graceful poise and perfect good humor, and yet with manifest intensity of feeling—none was finer than this passage:

"And to think—to think that we had a genius 100 years ago almost, in his way, as matchless as Washington, to make the plan for a great Capital, like the Frenchman whose remains were buried here the other day (applause), and whose plans were hardly changed in the new plan made by Burnham and his associates.

"I know there has been discussion as to that plan. There has been a feeling that perhaps it was slipped onto us at one time and slipped in at another; but we all know, even my dear friend, good, old Uncle Joe, knows, that we are going to build up to that plan some day. (Laughter and applause.)

"It is not coming at once, but we ought to thank God that we have got a plan like that to build to (applause), so that when we go on with the improvement every dollar that we put in goes to make Washington beautiful a hundred years hence."

Coming? Of course it is coming. It is the only way that Washington beautiful can be created. It must be built for the future—built along artistic and logical lines, as the city-makers who founded it planned that it should be built.

That was the real keynote of the President's speech—the passage par excellence of his splendid utterance, and the effects of it, we dare say, will have far-reaching influence for good.

Method and mode of conducting our everyday affairs are important; building the city right is all-important.

The best asset modern Washington ever had is a President to-day who, at the opening of his administration, is taking so lively and intelligent an interest in the Capital City, and giving such wise counsel to his progressive-spirited fellow-residents.

Greetings to him again!

The Chicago Post wants to know why Mr. Roosevelt rode on the cowcatcher from Mombasa to Kapiti Plains, a distance of seventy-nine miles. Because he is Mr. Roosevelt.

Service Physical Tests.

The War and Navy Departments are learning gradually, and in no uncertain terms, of the disfavor with which officers of the army, navy, and Marine Corps view Mr. Roosevelt's excessive requirements for a physical test to be held annually as a demonstration of individual fitness to perform military-naval duties. There are many examples of the premature retirement of officers who are still in their prime and who should be permitted to perform their allotted tasks for many years. They are now being retired and supported in idleness at government expense because they are not able to walk fifty miles in three days or ride ninety miles in the same period. The theory upon which this test was founded was the encouragement of physical exercises regularly conducted by officers many of whom were obviously in need of that sort of training. It has failed to accomplish any such end, in that officers who pass the test at once settle down to their wonted inactivity until it shall be necessary to again prepare for the special "stunt" a year later. It has been found that the walking and riding can be accomplished by some special preliminary work quite as well as by any steady "grind."

The conservative service view is in favor of a regularly established compulsory system of physical exercise for commissioned officers as well as enlisted men, on shore as well as at sea. This will keep the personnel of the army and navy in proper physical condition, and that is all that need be expected; and, moreover, with sufficient assurance that officers will be able to perform their duties, whatever those duties may be, in time of war. The only advantage derived from the severe physical tests, which make no concession to difference in age of officers, is that it helps promotion, but this can be only temporary, and, in the meantime, the active list is being deprived of the services of officers who are of value by reason of their experience and training, and who are forced into retirement.

The people did not think last November that they wanted the Dingley tariff law re-enacted with a few extra fancy frills, but it seems they were very much mistaken.

Persia Next.

It seems altogether likely that the Shah of Persia will be the next potentate to be pulled down from his high estate in the Old World. Already things are getting rather shaky in the neighborhood of his throne, and the crash may come at any moment that will put him out of the ruling business forever.

The Shah, though younger, seems fashioned very much along the same lines as his ex-sublimity of Turkey, now a prisoner for life—which will be short enough, we suspect—in the hands of his enemies, the Young Turks. Perhaps the Shah is the braver man, personally; but politically he seems quite as hopeless and as untrustworthy. He grants his loving subjects a constitution every other week or so, the while he assures them he means to be submissive to it. Quite as regularly he takes it all back, when he thinks it safe to play the game that way—and the men who would lift Persia up in the scale of intelligently and righteously governed nations have to commence all over again.

Sooner or later, however, the long-oppressed people of Persia will take the situation in hand, just as the Turkish people did. The Shah will be kicked out unceremoniously, and with scant regard for his royal dignity or alleged divine right to lord it over his people, regardless. And he will be put where he cannot make trouble in the future—and that, perhaps, in a fashion grim enough, too. He probably doubts that, even as Abdul Hamid did; but he will discover his mistake, we fancy, by and by—too late to be of any benefit to his kingly fortunes, to be sure, but to the great good of Persia, nevertheless.

It is no small task to get rid of an absolute monarch. History shows few who have been overcome without much woe, and bloodshed, and horror. They know how to intrench themselves; and usually they are relentless in their efforts to hold their power. But the march of civilization is resistless; it may be slow enough—and too slow—here and there, but it is ever advancing. It has overtaken Abdul Hamid, and it will overtake the Shah of Persia. Already it is pressing him close. He may withstand its approach a little while yet—but not long. He is doomed to the trash heap. His days are numbered.

"And Tillman jess laffs," says the Indianapolis News. And rides around in the new President's big automobile.

Revision Without Information.

We have always been impressed with the reasoning of those who favor the relegation of tariff tinkering to a permanent bureau, which shall make some endeavor to find out the facts with respect to the necessity of particular rates of duty, both for purposes of revenue and of protection. During the recent tariff debates many Senators and Members of Congress have confessed their want of information as to comparative cost of protection, which was to have been the guiding principle of the present revision. Senator McCumber, for instance, has lately remarked that neither the Finance Committee nor the Senate had on hand any satisfactory data for guidance in fixing rates of duty. This information ought to be collated by tariff experts, so that Congress could use it in passing judgment upon the reasonableness of particular rates. As Senator McCumber said, there is no need of a tariff bureau to pass judgment upon what Congress should do, but if the bureau would furnish the facts Congress could exercise the judgment. The so-called tariff commission, provided for by the Aldrich bill, is intended merely to supply the President with information for his guidance in applying the minimum or maximum rates of duty to the imports from other countries, and so falls short of what a real tariff bureau should be and do.

Of course, we all understand that a tariff expert like Senator Aldrich has no need of the information that could be supplied by a tariff bureau. His formula for getting at the facts requisite to the adjustment of protective duties is very simple and eminently workable. It is to pay no attention to the tales of wicked importers, who may be very estimable gentlemen, but are in the employ of foreigners, and to take the word of domestic manufacturers, miners, and producers, who are normally better worthy of belief than importers or consumers. Whatever protection is wanted should be given, provided it can be logrolled through the Senate. What other information is needed, or what better can be found, than that of the man who says his industry will perish if some duty is reduced, or that he can make more money if it is raised? Hearings are totally unnecessary. Let the manufacturer send in the schedule he wants, and we will try and get it for him. The foolish Committee on Ways and Means held hearings for months in an effort to find out something about the effect of the Dingley tariff and the possibility of reducing it in certain directions. It was all time lost, so far as the Senator from Rhode Island is concerned. He has not read a line of those hearings, as he confessed to Senator Dolliver:

"Mr. Aldrich—Mr. President, I have no knowledge whatever of anything that transpired before the Committee on Ways and Means. I have never read the hearings before that body. I have no knowledge or idea about any statement that was made before that committee.

"Mr. Dolliver—I will say that, if the Senator from Rhode Island has not read the hearings——

"Mr. Aldrich—I have not.

"Mr. Dolliver (continuing)—He is not in a position to belittle the honest efforts that I have made to get at the truth of these matters, for I have thought it my duty to read those hearings."

Get at the truth? Why, what is the use? It comes direct from those who need protection most, and who, therefore, know precisely what they want and how much they need. More than that, they can write the exact rates of duty, devise the inevitable joker, and save the expense of employing experts to delve into the impossible labyrinth of comparative cost. It is an old, tried, and true method of framing a tariff. The real tariff framers, it seems, have sublime faith in its justice and integrity. You cannot teach them new tricks, so what is the use of trying to adopt scientific methods of tariff revision?

Recently we remarked: "They say there is no rhyme for Elks." Now comes the Richmond Times-Dispatch limping into camp with "yelks" and the Houston Post with "Gov. Jelks" to disprove it. Our money is still on "They say."

Perhaps the reason Congress is going to see to it that Balm of Gilead goes on the free list is because Congress does not want to encourage the smuggling of that great staple into the country.

Mr. Taft proposes to stand by Washingtonians in their ambitious projects, from the ground up—that is, from the baseball team up.

If his sublime majesty of Persia is not careful the Y. P.'s will do for him what the Y. T.'s did for his august contemporary, Abdul Hamid.

Senator Rayner, although unopposed for re-election, will have to pay something like $17,000 primary fees, it appears. Still, Senator Stephenson doubtless looks on that as all kinds of a bargain.

A Maryland minister has announced a forthcoming series of sermons on "Why men do not go to church." When he gets through, however, doubtless he will still be in ignorance of one of the big reasons.

Wilhelmina looks as if she might be level headed enough to sidestep indulgently the advice she is destined to get from her old maid relatives on how to rear that baby, too.

Great excitement at the n. pole. W. Wellman again listed for an early appearance.

Senator "Jeff" Davis has been conspicuous by his absence from the greater part of the extra session and nonparticipation in the tariff debates. We suppose it is all more painful to the Senator than he is willing to bear.

What shall it profit the country if the Senate spends another month or so wrangling, and then passes the Payne-Aldrich bill just as those doughty leaders want it passed and know it will be?

The men of Zion City have voted in favor of permitting themselves to smoke. If old Alexander Dowie were alive, there would be some wholesale firing for this, we suspect.

Deacon Hemphill, of the Charleston News and Courier, says: "Uncle Joe" Cannon has not yet "reached the age of discretion." That may be the long-range view. Here in Washington, however, "Uncle Joe" is rated about the most thoroughly "discreet" proposition that ever came down the pike.

Because he frequently patronized the "ordinary taxicabs" of Paris, a French newspaper suspects Castro is broke. We think the inference highly justified.

"Why go to war?" inquires the Mexican Herald. Who is going to war?

After having gunned for Norfolk over 100 years, Uncle Sam should not cease firing at this stage of the game. And especially over Norfolk's vehement protest.

Those obstreperous Western statesmen in Congress! Gen. Harrison said they were a "hard lot to manage" in his day. They do not seem to have outgrown it altogether.

If many more animals "bite the dust" over in Africa soon, we fear the landscape will be all chewed up before the colonel gets well started on that hunt.

The reason Mr. Roosevelt does not call the tsetse fly something else, perhaps, is because its other name is glossina palpalis.

Having been caught in the act of stealing some $2,000,000, the sugar trust seems quite likely to suffer the pain of seeing some half dozen of its $13-a-week employes sent to the penitentiary for it.

"It is the season of loving, sighing swains," says an Alabama poet. And Cupid loves a pining mark.

A man in the City of Mexico has failed in business, although the proprietor of nine apparently flourishing drug stores. Evidently, the City of Mexico is still far from being a prohibition town.

The Georgia papers announce that Senators Bacon and Clay are together on all tariff items except lumber. Surely there must be some way to bridge over this difference, or gang plank it over, or something.

If Mr. James Patten's recent wheat manipulations really do bring about a wholesale cornbread revival in this country, it may be that he was a blessing in disguise, after all. Corn bread is not only exceedingly good to eat and highly nutritious, but comparatively inexpensive. This is no joke; it is a delightful and undoubtedly cheerful truth.

Notwithstanding medical warnings against microbes and kissing, we predict that the June bride crop will be right up to the mark this year.

It Will Be a High Tariff.

From the Charlotte Observer.

Mr. Aldrich's bill contains many duties which are too high, and since the style of tariff-making produces every manner of queer result, it may even contain some duties which are too low. Among the few faults not present the chief is glaring sectionalism—in this respect, indeed, the Aldrich measure represents an improvement over the original Payne draft. It may be accepted as certain that the tariff will remain, on the average, a very high tariff. With the general outlook thus clearly defined, we see no reason why the business world should wait in suspense any longer.

Enterprise in Turkey.

From the St. Louis Republic.

If a lingering doubt as to the essentially modern spirit of the new regime in Turkey remains in a single breast it will be dispelled on consideration of the fact that picture post cards of Mohammed V were on sale in the streets within thirty minutes of the time of his proclamation.

Next to the Last, Anyway.

From the New York Mail.

And yet, come to think of it, the Ultimate Consumer is the Penultimate Producer, isn't he?

A LITTLE NONSENSE.

A LACK OF IDEAS.

I have a bit of verse to write, but what
about I do not know.
The themes all seem exhausted quite,
and I must go a trifle slow.
It's very trying, I confess, all this perplexity and doubt.
I'm in a pickle and a mess; I don't know
what to write about.

I don't know what to write about and
vainly for a subject seek.
The spirit willing is and stout; the flesh,
alas, is very weak.
Of themes there seems to be a dearth;
I guess I'll have to try a scheme.
I'll write about two dollars' worth; that
ought to be a pleasing theme.

A National Institution.

"Yes; many thousand immigrants come to America every year."

"What assimilates them into good American citizens?"

"Baseball."

A Resourceful Chap.

"What would you do if a lion attacked you?"

"I'd run."

"I lion could outrun you."

"Then I'd call a taxicab."

Ever Noticed?

"What makes a man drunkest?"

"Having a friend on hand to take care of him."

The War Goddess.

Bellona is a woman
Strong-minded, it is flat.
No frills for hers.
Why, she prefers
A Dreadnought to a hat.

Beginning Housekeeping.

"How is your wife as a cook?"

"Strictly down to date," answered Mr. Nuwedd. "She pours gravy over a mashed potato and calls it a sundae."

Something New.

"How do you like my spring hat?"

"Well, the menu looks attractive, but if I were you I'd flank those vegetables with a nice porterhouse steak."

Information Wanted.

"I see they have put on exclusive trains for ladies in the New York subway."

"That sounds good," said Mrs. De Style. "Now, how exclusive are these trains?"

WOMEN IN CIVIC LIFE.

How They Helped Kalamazoo's Street Cleaning Department.

Mabel Potter Daggett, in the Delineator.

Kalamazoo is a city of only about 30,000 inhabitants, yet in many respects it has attained to such correct civic deportment as indicates careful bringing up by hand by the improvement league that Rev. Caroline Bartlett Crane organized. It is the vital needs of the heart and lives of the community that are reached.

The league looked on the streets of Kalamazoo and saw that they were not hygienically swept. How should men know how to sweep, anyway? The men of the city government said that they were cleaning the streets as the streets always had been cleaned, and it must be right. But the women said, No, that they would show them. The city council was asked to give over to the league six blocks of the main street for a period of three months, together with the appropriation expended on this strip of pavement.

The plan was agreed to. Then it became noised abroad that the women of Kalamazoo were going to conduct this demonstration of right street cleaning. And the yellowest journals of Chicago, the near-by metropolis, began to focus the trained machinery of their all-searching staffs on the little town.

The women grew nervous in this glare of the limelight of publicity, but under Mrs. Crane's direction the arrangements progressed. It was Col. Waring's New York system that was to be introduced. The "white wings" were uniformed and all equipped with new brooms and little carts. Then, at the eleventh hour, the women who had been assigned in squads of two to act as inspectors of the work, one after another rang Rev. Mrs. Crane's front-door bell. With one accord they began to make excuses. There were sick babies and unexpected guests, and the ever-useful-husband-who-refuses-to-allow-it.

So that the league that really cleaned the streets was mostly Mrs. Crane. At first appalled by the prospect, she nevertheless stood to her guns when all but one of her faithful lieutenants had fled. The yellow cameras got her, but at the end of three months she had her reward. The city adopted the system, for she had done for $5 what had previously cost $3.39 a day, and she had proven that sweeping by hand was better than the machine sweeping that sent clouds of dust and disease into the houses. To complete this demonstration of neatness in municipal housekeeping methods, the league purchased and placed on the street corners galvanized-iron cans for the reception of waste paper and refuse. And they enlisted the efforts of the children to keep the streets free from litter by organizing in the schools junior civic improvements leagues, with a badge declaring "I will help."

Is the Senator a Democrat?

From the Philadelphia Record.

Maryland has two Senators elected by the Democratic party—Isidor Rayner, the brilliant orator, advocate, and statesman, and John Walter Smith. While the former adheres strictly to Democratic principles, the latter has become converted to the support of the Aldrich schedule of protective duties on lumber. The explanation of the course of this brevet Republican is thus stated in the Congressional Directory: "He is engaged in the lumber business in Maryland, Virginia, and North Carolina." Such being the case, he fears that free admission of Canadian lumber might possibly lessen his own bank account. But this is not the kind of man to represent the Democracy of Maryland at the present juncture. He might probably serve well enough when the public interests and his own do not come into collision.

Going Backward.

From the Boston Herald.

President Taft's strong belief in the single-headed commission is one of the interesting features of the new administration. The disagreement among the three members of the District of Columbia government, Republican, Democrat, and nonpartisan, has caused friction. The President's intention to seek a change and bring about a one-man government for the District will seem to many like going backward; but everything will depend upon the man selected.

Guessing at Population.

From the Springfield Republican.

Guessing on the population of the United States to be revealed by the coming enumeration has already begun. It was 75,994,575 for the continental United States, exclusive of Alaska, in 1900, and, in view of the very heavy immigration during most of the decade, it would not be surprising if a population of 90,000,000 were found in the same territory next year.

Tu Quoque from Pittsburg.

From the Pittsburg Dispatch.

Senator Cummins, of Iowa, is quite certain that steel needs no protection. But how about wheat, barley, and barley malt? Are the Iowa farmers ready to dispense with their protection?

OUR NATIONAL LIBRARY.

Some Account of the Work It Is Doing for Learning.

Herbert Putnam, in the National Magazine.

It is not a library for the mere general reader, except as, subject to the convenience of the investigator, such a reader is permitted to use its material upon the premises. Even less is it a library for the education or cultivation of the young. The service to the general reader and to the young through the issue of instructive or recreative books in the domain of general literature is left to libraries of a different sort—the academic libraries and the municipal reference and lending libraries. Only when it comes to the student somewhat more mature is the national library concerned. Nor is it primarily to aid one pursuing studies merely for his own personal instruction or cultivation. It is a library of research; but research calculated to advance the boundaries of knowledge, and thus to benefit the community as a whole, not merely to satisfy the interest or pleasure of an individual.

It of course welcomes the investigator to the direct use of its collections, providing for him not merely conveniences unexcelled in any other library, but a freedom of access unparalleled in any other research library. The investigators who take advantage of its opportunities are numerous, including especially members of the faculties of various institutions of learning in this country and abroad, who utilize their vacation periods for a tour of investigation to Washington. But the library does not stop with these. Any book in its collections required for serious research may be borrowed by an investigator at a distance. There are certain stipulations: the book must not be one which it is the duty of the local library to supply; it must be a book which can at the moment be spared from Washington; the application must be made through the local library—the loan is in form made to that library, and the expense of transportation is borne by the borrower; but the essential thing is accomplished—the investigator gets his book, and perhaps it may be a book without which his conclusions would be impossible, or his investigations absolutely blocked. Under this policy the library is sending volumes all over the United States, from Maine to California, from Minnesota to Texas.

To-day the collections comprise nearly 2,500,000 items—1,500,000 printed books and pamphlets, and nearly 1,000,000 other articles (manuscripts, maps, prints, and music)—by all means the largest collection on the western hemisphere and perhaps the third largest in the world. They are increasing at the rate of about 70,000 books and pamphlets and 50,000 other articles yearly. The resources for their increase include still copyright; international exchange (of official publications with foreign governments); miscellaneous accessions through various other government departments and bureaus; and with other institutions, including the results of exchange by the Smithsonian Institution with other academies and institutions; and $108,000 a year toward the actual purchase of material. With these resources it may not compete with private collectors whose purses know no bottom, nor with certain endowed institutions (like the Lenox and the Carter Brown) able to concentrate large funds within special areas; nor to catch up with institutions like the British Museum and Bibliotheque Nationale, whose collections represent the accumulations of centuries and include material that will never again come into the market—but it can and will develop here collections that will advance the opportunities for American investigators in every branch of science which has a literature, whether its literature be book, map, print, music, or in the case of American history (for I am using science in the larger sense) manuscript originals.

FIFTEENTH AMENDMENT.

Judge Morris' Contention Answered by Appeal to History.

From the Springfield Republican.

The curious article on the nullity of the fifteenth amendment, which appeared some time ago in the North American Review, from ex-Judge M. F. Morris, of the District of Columbia Court of Appeals, has brought out an argument in reply from Albert E. Pillsbury, former attorney general of this State, which is printed in the current number of that magazine. Judge Morris set up the extraordinary contention that "amendments" are to be distinguished from "additions" to the Federal Constitution; that amendments, to be valid when adopted in the manner prescribed by the Constitution, must deal with matters germane to the origmal instrument; that additions not germane to that instrument can only be made with the consent of all the States; and that the fifteenth amendment, being an addition and not an amendment, is null and void, since it was adopted without the assent of all the States.

Mr. Pillsbury has an easy task in disposing of this queer contention. It would be sufficient merely to appeal to common sense and reason. But he goes further and appeals to original authority. It is shown that in the Federal convention of 1787 a motion was made to require the consent of all the States to proposed amendments, and on grounds clearly indicating that "amendment" was understood to include additions; and that motion was voted down, and the three-fourths provision substituted, no one objecting. This is sufficient. It leaves Judge Morris without a bit of ground to stand on, and further pursuit of his contention would be idle.

No Coal Strike.

From the Philadelphia Record.

There is to be three years more of peace in the anthracite industry. It is a good thing for the consumers, a good thing for the companies, and it is as good for the miners as it is for any others. By means of the strike and the arbitration commission the miners made substantial gains six years ago, but that sort of thing can't be repeated every three years, and the miners are to be congratulated, as well as everybody else—especially in view of business conditions for a year and a half past—on getting a renewal of the terms of 1906.

Taking a Joke Seriously.

From the Boston Herald.

When Prof. Pickering suggested that by the expenditure of $10,000,000 a set of mirrors might be established by which a message of light might be flashed to Mars, he thought he had applied the reductio ad absurdum to the talk of Martian communication. But he did not set his figures high enough. What are $10,000,000 in these days? If millions are spent for the discovery of the frigid poles of this planet, what is there absurd about spending a few millions to get in touch with another world? The Harvard professor seems to be surprised that he has been taken seriously. He does not seem to appreciate what a big world we have got to be and that millions are like marbles to the mental processes of some people.

Chinese Organize for Friendship.

From the New York Herald.

An interesting outcome of Li Sum Ling's visit to Pekin is the formation of a "China-American Friends Association." The modern tendencies of the Celestial empire are illustrated by the fact that this movement was the culmination of a banquet given to the Hongkong newspaper proprietor by "leading Chinese journalists." They, with many officials, listened with appreciation to the story of their guest's experiences in the United States and toasted President Taft as a warm friend of their country.

WASHINGTON CHAT.

By THE SPECTATOR.

The town was full of engineers last week, who were here in attendance on the American Society of Mechanical Engineers. The most conspicuous of all the members was Admiral Melville, who made a stir, which was expected; for Admiral Melville has always made a stir whenever an opportunity offered since he was appointed assistant engineer in the navy, the first year of the civil war. It can be said, however, of this notable engineer that he has never made a stir unless there was reason for it, for he thinks deeply and wisely on all subjects, and there is no one who knows his profession better than he. Admiral Melville's name was very much before the public when he sailed on the Jeannette with De Long, and later returned to the arctic to recover the records of that ship and the remains of De Long and his companions, for which he received a gold medal and was advanced fifteen numbers by special act of Congress. From 1896 until his retirement he was engineer-in-chief of the navy, and during his regime designs for 120 ships, with a horsepower of 1,700,000, were prepared. He counts as his greatest successes the triple-screw flyers Columbia and Minneapolis, which he designed. Since his retirement, in 1899, Admiral Melville has made his home in H street, and has been in constant evidence in naval circles. Two years ago the venerable admiral married for his second wife Estella Smith Polis, of Philadelphia.

Another notable engineer who was here last week was Walter Martin McFarland, of the Westinghouse company. Mr. McFarland is a native of Washington, and began his career in the navy, graduating in 1879 at the head of his class, and serving in the navy as an engineer on various vessels until he resigned, in 1899, in order to accept the position offered him by Mr. Westinghouse in his company. He was a principal assistant to Admiral Melville when the latter was engineer-in-chief, and therefore better equipped than almost any one available to speak on the admiral's service to the engineering profession and to the navy, which was the subject of the paper he read before the society on Friday.

All England is weeping because the American naval attache, John H. Gibbons, has been displaced. There is no more amiable man in the navy than Commander Gibbons, and the English people are loath to reconcile themselves to the turn of the wheel that transfers him to another post, but they will feel quite the same when a few years hence, Commander Simpson is detached, for he has the same qualities that have made Mr. Gibbons so popular in the English capital. Capt. Simpson (it is well to note here that a naval officer with the rank of commander has the privilege of using the title of captain), entered the Naval Academy in the centennial year, reached the rank of lieutenant of the junior grade in the early '90's, and since then has served all over the world with the Asiatic fleet, on the Pacific and on the Atlantic Coast, and has made his mark in the hydrographic office. In fact, he is no stage naval captain, but an earnest, steadfast officer, with all the genial qualities that implies.

The most agreeable billet in the Navy Department is that of a naval attache to the Court of St. James, provided, of course, one has the means to live up to what is expected, for there is no capital in the world where official rank and position costs as dearly as it does in London, and no one should think of going there, unless he is able to "keep up his end," which, of course, presupposes a rich wife, for naval officers as a rule are as poor as church mice. Unless they marry money, they are not apt to acquire it.

The Navy Department is a close corporation. It has become so circumspect in giving out news that when an interested person asked for the date of Mr. Gibbons' detail in London he received a reply that the information was not to be given out at this moment. It is to laugh truly that when a man has been years at a place the department still refuses to announce the date on which he was designated for that service, which can be had by simply consulting the records.

Every one is commenting on the tact Mr. Taft displayed at his wife's reception on Saturday and applauding the efforts of the President and Mrs. Taft to re-establish the weekly receptions which were held at the White House until Mr. McKinley's administration, when they were discontinued because of Mrs. McKinley's invalidism. A man always seems out of place at an afternoon function, but not Mr. Taft, who had a ready smile and appropriate word for every one who entered and on every side were heard comments of pleasure at a return to the "good old times." Mrs. Taft takes the keenest interest in all social affairs and she has made it evident that she does not intend to pose as a mere figurehead, but to be the leader of society in fact, as she is in name, an ambition that is seconded by her husband, who acquired his bonhomie, together with his statecraft, at Yale, which university is renowned for both.

CAPT. FREMONT'S PURPOSE.

The Navy, He Says, Has No Sectional Prejudice.

From the Charleston News and Courier.

New Orleans, La., 6 May, 1909.

The navy is without sectional prejudice, and its patriotism knows no bundaries save those of the great country at large. FREMONT.

That is the message received by the News and Courier last night from Capt. John C. Fremont, commanding the battle ship Mississippi, now on her way up the Mississippi River to receive from the hand of the State in whose honor she was named the silver service presented in token of her appreciation. The message came in response to this request from the News and Courier:

Resolution has been introduced in the House objecting to the portrait of Jefferson Davis on the silver service for the battle ship Mississippi. The News and Courier would be pleased to have an expression from you as to whether you object, and why you do or not.

The answer of Capt. Fremont rings like a shot from a twelve-inch gun: "The navy is without sectional prejudice, and its patriotism knows no boundaries save those of the great country at large." It will carry consternation into the ranks of the reactionaries and malcontents, who seek to keep the old fires burning, and it will be received with enthusiasm by true-hearted men everywhere, North and South alike. What will Hollingsworth do about it? He has the answer of the commanding officer of the battle ship Mississippi. Will he move for a court-martial, or will he realize that the dead past has buried its dead, that his occupation is gone, that—

Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day;
Love and tears for the Blue,
Tears and love for the Gray.

Hats off to Capt. Fremont and the United States navy, whose "patriotism knows no boundaries save those of the great country at large!"

Local Selfishness.

From the Portland Oregonian.

Citizens of every section of the country are public economists upon the question of a reduction of governmental expenditures. But when it comes to denying the appropriations asked for the improvement of their local rivers and harbors, new post-office buildings, custom-houses, and other pet items that eat into the revenues from every community, they are not willing to abate one jot or tittle of their demands.

AT THE HOTELS.

"The Grand Army and the Confederate Veterans are going to have a grand time down in Petersburg May 10," said Lucian B. Atwall, of Hartranft Post, G. A. R., Lancaster, Pa., who is at the Shoreham.

"The veterans of Pennsylvania will dedicate the handsomest and most elaborate monument ever raised by the survivors of the civil war at Petersburg, where there was ten months of stubborn fighting and where honors were about evenly divided.

"Our monument, which President Taft will unveil, was erected to the memory of Gen. John F. Hartranft and the Third Division of Burnside's Ninth Army Corps, which covered itself with glory at Fort Steadman on March 25, 1865.

"Veterans of the Federal army and the Confederate army as well have reared scores of monuments around Petersburg, and the miles of ground over which the rival armies fought looks like a great national park. A movement is on foot for the establishment of a battlefield park outside of Petersburg, and the Grand Army is anxious to have it created, as it will cause the erection of many other monuments and attract visitors to the most memorial battle ground in the United States. There are 125 forts around Petersburg, and sixty miles of fortifications like parapets, bombproof intrenchments, and other means of protection. Petersburg should have a battlefield park by all means."

August Hersen, of Luebeck, Germany, one of the partners in the Fagersta Iron and Steel Works, at Fagersta, and the Carlsdahl Blast Furnaces, at Carlsdahl, Sweden, is making a business tour of this country, and is at the New Willard.

Mr. Hersen said that business conditions in every part of the world depends to a great extent on business prosperity in this country.

"Whenever the United States is busy and prosperous, the rest of the world follows. Depression in America means depression everywhere. America is a great consumer of foreign goods of every description, which explains the whole matter, and America's needs are steadily increasing in every direction.

"Business in Germany has been dull, but is picking up, and we are looking forward to prosperous, busy times, due largely to the improvement in the United States. Business relations between Germany and the United States are just as friendly as they possibly can be. The German people are great admirers of America.

"If the tariff on steel is reduced as contemplated it will give foreign exporters an opportunity to do more business in this country than ever before. Especially is this true with regard to Swedish steel, which is better than any material of its character in the world. In the process of making steel, coke is used in the United States, while we in Sweden use charcoal, resulting in a higher grade and better steel product.

"Yes, all Germany is in favor of a strong and powerful navy, not for offensive, but for defensive purposes. The growing commerce of Germany demands a strong naval power. Not only a strong navy is needed, but we are compelled to uphold a strong army. In fact, we are forced to do so, being surrounded as we are by hostile nations. Germany should not be blamed for adopting measures for her own protection. It is the duty of every country to do that. Furthermore, Germany does not care whether her navy programme is agreeable to England, or France, or Russia, or any other power. We attend to our own affairs strictly and the German Emperor knows exactly what he is after. He is more popular than ever."

Speaking of industrial and business activity in Massachusetts in general and Quincy in particular, S. A. Slocum, of Newton, Mass., who was seen at the Raleigh recently, said it was in Quincy that the first railroad in this country was built.

"That was way back in 1820," said Mr. Slocum. "It was constructed to transport from the quarries in West Quincy the huge blocks of granite to tidewater, thence to be shipped to Charleston, where they were chiseled and fashioned and set, one upon the other, forming the great shaft on Bunker Hill that marks the spot where the battle between the British and the colonists in the struggle for independence was fought."

"Experts assert that Quincy granite is practically the same kind of stone of which the Pyramids and the Sphinx are built, and have withstood the onslaught of time and weather for centuries.

"How much granite is there in the quarries of Quincy? Authorities, who have spent their lives working in the quarries, say that nobody knows, but they assert that the supply is well nigh inexhaustible. Some of the quarries are now 250 feet deep, and the deeper they go the better is the quality of the stone, so John L. Miller, president of the Granite Association, declares, and he ought to know. He also estimates the value of the annual output of the Quincy quarries at more than $2,000,000. Nearly 5,000 men are employed in the quarrying, cutting, and hauling of the stone, and in lines dependent on the industry."

"This country," said Bernard S. Held, of New York, "is the last of civilized nations to hold on to the old system of employers' liability, which is so uncertain in its operation that it seldom affords sufficient compensation."

Mr. Held not long ago made an investigation in Pittsburg, where, in 520 fatal cases, more than one-half the victims were married men. "Of 320 such cases," continued Mr. Held, who is interested in the matter of liability insurance, "many received no compensation, ninety-three less than $100, sixty between $100 and $500, only twenty above $500, and but two $2,660 or over. Of married men injured, only 56 per cent received compensation in any form. Of the accidents in which the victims had been charged with the blame, the cause in the majority of cases was not carelessness, but the ignorance of newly arrived foreigners and young persons.

"In shops run by steam many accidents occurred because of inattention to dangers. This was often the result of heat, noise, speed of machines, extreme weariness, and the readiness to take chances—which every one does who is worth anything—the man who takes 100 necessary ones in a day, being apt to take the one which is not necessary. In none of such cases should the workmen be held wholly responsible, and, as a matter of fact, the vast majority of accidents is not in any sense due to the person injured. Employers assert that the risk is sufficiently rewarded by the higher wages, but that is not true in Pittsburg, where the average is less than $15 a week."

"The Rev. Dr. William H. Fishburn, of Camden, likes nothing better than a good, wholesome joke," said Eben W. Williams, of Wilmington, Del., who is at the National, "even if it is turned against himself.

"He was visited in his house on St. Patrick's Day by a prosperous looking coupie who desired his kindly office in making them one. The man was an ironmaster from Pittsburg and the bride-elect was a Jersey woman. The business was quickly dispatched and the happy bridegroom came to the question so many in like fix ask the clergyman.

"'Just suit yourself as to that," said Dr. Fishburn, as his eyes rested upon a thick roll of bills the ironmaster had dug out of his trousers pocket.

"'Well,' said the newly-made husband, 'as this is the 17th of March I'll make it $17, and good luck to you.'

"'My friend,' said the dominie, 'I wish you the greatest hapiness in the world, but if you ever want me again, just call around on the 21st of the month.'

"'No, sir,' replied the bridegroom, as he walked away, 'I'll come on the 1st.'"